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¶ The loue and complayntes
bytwene Mars and Uenus.

O Lade ye lowles/ of this morowe gray
Lo Uen⁹ is risen amōg you rowes red
And floures freshe/honoure ye this May
For whā the sonne vprysth thēne wyll ye sprede
But ye louers/ taht lye in ony drede
Fleeth/leste wyckde tunges yon espye
Loo yonde the sonne/the candell of Jalousye

with terys blewe/and with a wounded herte
Take ye your leue with sayntJohn̄ to borowe

Phst. f. H copy 31824

Appeale ye lom what/of your lord wes smerte
Tyme cometh ofte/ȝ cellen shall your lorowe
The glad nyght/is worth an heuy morowe
Saynt valentyn a lowle/thus herde I synge
Upon thy day/er the sonne gan vplpzynge

yet longe this foule/I rede you all awake
And ye that haue not chosen in humble wyse
withoute repentyng/chese ye your make
And ye that haue full chosen/as I deuyse
yet atte leste/renoucleth your seruyse
Confermeye it perpetully tendure
And pacyently/take ȳ your auenture

And for the worshyp/of this hye feste
yet will I in my byrdes wyse synge
The sentence of the complaynt atte leste
That wofull Mars/made atte departynge
Of frelhe Uenus/in a morenynge
whan phebus/with his fyry torches rede
Raulaketh had/euery louer in his drede

whylom the thyrde heuens lord aboue
As well by heuenylhe reuolucyos
As by delerte/hath wonne Uenus his loue
And she hath tak hym in subiecyon
And as a maystres taught hym his lellion
Cōmandyng/that neuer in her seruyse

He nere loo holde/nos louer to delyple

For she forbad hym Jaloulye at all
And cruelte/booste/and tyrannye
She made hym at hyr luste so humble and tall
That whan her deyned caste on hym her eye
He toke in pacyence to lyue or deye
And thus she holdeth hym in her manere
with nothyng but with scourgyng of her chere

who regneth now in blysse but Venus
That hath this worthy knyght ī gouernance
who syngeth now but Mars that serueth thus
The fayr Venus/cauler of playsaunce
He byndeth hym/to perpetuell obeysaunce
And she byndeth hyr/to loue hym for euere
But loo be that hys trespaas it dilleuere

Thus ben they knyt/and regnyng in heuen
By lokyng mooste/tyll it fyll on a tyde
That by theyr bothe assent/was set a steuen
That Mars shall enter/as fast as he may glyde
In to her next palays/and there abyde
walkyng his cours/tyll she had hym atake
And he prayeth her to haste for his sake

Thenne sayd he thus/myn hertes lady swete
ye knowe well my myschyef in that place

For certeryetyll that I with you mete
My lyf stand there in aduenture and grace
But whan I see/the beawte of your face
There is noo drede of deth/may do me smerte
For all your luste/is ease to myn herte

She hath soo grete compassyon of her knyght
That dwelleth in solytude/tyll she come
For it stode soo/that tylke tyme noo wyght
Coũceylled him there ne sayd to him welcome
That nyghe her wytte for woo was ouercome
wherfore she sped her as fast in her weye
All mooste in one day/as he dyde in tweye

The grete Joye that was bytwene theym two
whan they ben met/ther may noo tunge telle
There is nomore/but vnto bed the go
And thus in Joye and blys/I let hem dwell
This worthy Mars ỹ was of knyghthode well
The flour of fayrnes/lappeth in his armes
And Uenus kysseth Mars/the dod of armes

So Journed hath this Mars of whiche I rede
In chambre/amye the palays pryuely
A certayn tyme/tyll hym fyll a drede
Thorugh phebus/that was comyn hastely
within the palays yates sturdely
with torche ī hõde of whiche ỹ stremes bryght

On Uenus chambre/knocketh full lyght

The chamber ther as lay this frelle quene
Depeynted was/with whyte boles grete
And by the lyght/she knewe ỹ shone soo shene
That phebus cam/to brēne hem with his hete
This sely Uenus nyghe dreynt/ī teeris weete
Embraceth Mars/and sayd alas I deye
The tozehe is come ỹ al this wozld wyll wreye

Up sterteth Mars/he lusteth not to slepe
whan he his lady herde/ soo complayne
But foz his nature was not foz to wepe
In stede of teeris/from his eyen tweyne
The fyry sparkys/breken out foz peyne
And hente his hawberke/that lay hym besyde
Flee wolde he not/ne he myght hem self hyde

He throweth on his helme of huge wyght
And grete hym with his swerd/ ī his honde
His myghty spere/as he was wont to fyght
He shaketh soo/that all moost it to wonde
Full heuy was he/to walken ouer londe
He may not holde with Uenus companye
But bad her flee/lest phebus dide her espye

O wofull Mars/what mayst thou sayn
That in the palays of thy dishourbaunce

Arte lefte behynde/in paryll to be flayn
And yet therto/dowble is thy penaunce
For fhe that hath/thyn herte in gouernaunce
Is palled halfe the ftremes of thyn eyen
That you nere fwyft/well mayft you wepe/& (cryen

Now fleeth Uenus vnto Cylenius toure
with voyde/cours for fere of phebus lyght
Alas and there/hath fhe noo focoure
For fhe ne fonde/ne fawe noo maner wyght
And eke as there/fhe hath but lytyll myght
wherfore her feluen for to hyde and faue
within the caue/fhe fledin to a caue

Derke was the caue/and fmoketh as the helle
Not but two/paces within the gate it ftoode
A naturell daye in derke I lete her dwelle
Now wyll I fpeke/of Mars furyo⁹ and wood
For forow he wold haue fene his herte blod
Syn that he myght doo her noo companye
He ne rought not myte for doo dye

Soo feble he were for heete and for his woo
That nyhe he fwelte/he myght not endure
He palled but one ftreyte in dayes two
But natheles for all his heuy armure
He folowed her that is his hyues cure
For whos departyng/he toke greter Ire

Than for all his brennyng in therthe

After he walketh softely a paas
Complaynyng that it pyte was to here
O lady bryght/Uenus alas
That euer soo wyde a compas is my spere
Alas whan shall I mete you herte dere
This twelfth day of Apryll/I endure
Thurgh Ialous phebus/this mysauenture

Now god helpe/Sely Uenus all allone
But as god wold/it happed for to be
That while that Uenus made her mone
Tylenius rydyng in his chyuache
Fro Uenus balance/myght his palays see
And Uenus saleweth and doth chere
And her relleyueth/as his frende full dere

Mars dwellit forth in his aduerstyte
Complaynyng euer/on her departyng
And what his complaynt was/remembreth me
And therfore/in this lusty morenyng
As I best can/I wyll it seyn and syng
And after that/I wyll my leue take
And god yeue euery wyght/Ioye of his make

¶ The complaynt.
of Mars.

The ordre of cōplaynyng/requyreth skylfully

That yf a wyght/ shall playne pytoully
Ther must be cause/ wherof he playne
Or men may dene/ he pleynyth folily
And causeles/ alas and that am not I
wherfore the ground & cause of all my peyne
Soo as my troubled wytte/ may it atteyne
I wyll reherce/ not for to haue redrelle
But for to declare my ground of heuynelle

The fyrst tyme/ alas that I was wrought
And for certayn effectes heder brought
By hym that lordeth eche intelligence
I gaf my trewe seruyse/ and my thought
For euermore/ how dere I haue it bought
To her that is of soo grete excellence
That what wyght/ ỹ fyrst shewith his presence
whan she is wroth/ & maketh of hym noo cure
He may not long/ in Joye of loue endure

This is noo feyned mater/ that I telle
My lady is the very sours and welle
Of beaute/ lust/ fredom/ and gentylnelle
Of ryche araye/ how dere men it selle
Of all disporte/ in whiche men frendly dwelle
Of loue and playe/ and of benygne humblesse
Of sown of instrumentis of all swetnelle
And therto soo well fortuned and shewed
That thurgh ỹ world/ her goodnes is shewed

what wonder is thenne/though I belette
My seruyce on suche one/that may me knette
To weell or woo/syn it lyeth in her myght
wherfore myn herte/for euer I to her hette
Ne truly for my deth/shall I not lette
To ben her trewest seruaunt/and her knyght
I flater not that may knowe euery wyght
For this day in her seruyse shall I deye
But grace be/I see her neuer with eye

To whom shall I pleyne of my dystrelle
who may me helpe who may my harm redresse
Shall I complayne vnto my lady fre
Nay certes for she hath suche heuynesse
For feer and eke for woo/as I gesse
In lytyll tyme/it wyll her bane be
But were she sauf/it were noo force of me
Alas that euer louers mote enduer
For loue/soo many perylous auenture

For thought soo be/that louers be as trewe
As ony metall that is forged newe
In many a caas/hem tyden ofte sorowe
Somtyme theyr lady/wyll on hem not rewe
Somtyme/yf that I aloulye it knewe
They myghte lightly their hede to borowe
Somtyme enuyous folke/with tunges horowe
Deprauen hem/alas whom may they please

But he be fals/no louer hath none eale

But what auaylleth ſuche a longe a ſermon
Of auentures of loue/vp and doun
I wyll retorne/ and ſpeken of myn peyne
The poynt is this of my deſtruccyon
My ryght lady my ſaluacyon
Is in affray/and note to whom to pleyne
Of herte ſwete lady ſouereyne
For your diſeaſe wel ought I ſwowne & ſwelte
Though I none other harme ne drede ſelte

To what fyn made he that ſytte ſo hye
Bynethe hym loue/or companye
And ſtreynth folke/to loue magre theyr hede
And thenne her Joye/for ougha I can eſpye
Ne laſteth not/twynklyng of an eye
And ſõme haue neuer Joye/tyll they be dede
what meneth this/what is this myſtyhede
wherto conſtrayneth he/his folke ſoo faſte
Thyng to deſyre but yf it ſhold laſte

And though he made a louer/ loue a thyng
And makyth it ſtedfaſt and duryng
yet put he in it ſuche myſauenture
That reſt is ther none his yeuyng
And that is wonder/that ſoo Juſt a kyng
Both ſuche hardenes/to his creature

Thus whether loue breke ozellys dure
Algates he that hath with loue to done
Hath ofter woo/ than chaunged is the mone

It lemeth/he hath to louers enemyt
And lyke a fyllher/ as men alday lee
Bayteth his angle hook with lome plelaũce
Tyll many a fyllhe is wode/tyll that he be
Sealyd therwith/and thenne at erlt ha th he
All his delyre/and therwith all myl chaũce
And though the lyne breke/he hath penaũce
Foz with the hoke/he wornded is lo loze
That he his wages hath foz euermoze

¶ Of the bzoche of Thebes

The bzoche of thebes/was of luche a kynde
Soo full of rubyes/and of ltones ynde
That euery wyght/that let on it an eye
He wend anone to wozthe out of his mynde
Soo looz the beaute/wolde his herte bynde
Tyll he it had/hym thought he nuult deye
And whan it was his/thnne he lhold dreye
Suche woo foz dzede/ay whyle ỹ he it hadde
That weinyghe foz the keere/he lholde madde

And whan it was foz his pollellyon
Thenne had he double woo and pallyon
Foz he/loo fayr a trelour hath forgoo
But yet this bzoche as in conclulyon

was not the cause of his confusyon
But he that wrought it/Infortuned it soo
That euery wyght that had it shold haue woo
And therfore in the werker was the vyce
And in the coueyter that was soo nyce

Soo fareth it by louers and by me
For though my lady haue soo grete beaute
That I was mad/tyll I had her grace|
She was not cause of myn aduersytee
But he that wrought her/also mote I thee
And put suche a beaute in her face
That made me coueyten and purchace
Myn owen deth/hym wyte I that I dye
And myn vnwytteth at euer I clambe soo hye

But ye now hardy knyghtes of renoun
Syn that ye be of my deuysyon
All be it not worth/to soo grete a name
yet seyn these clerkes/I am your patron
Therfore ye ought to haue some compassyon
Of my dysease/and take it not a game
The pro wdest of yow/may be made full tame
wherfore I pray you w/your gen telnesse
That ye compleyne for myn heuynesse

And ye my ladyes that ben trewe and stable
By waye of kynde/ye owentobe able

To haue pyte/of folke that ben in pyne
Now haue ye cause/to clothe you in sable
Syn that your emperyce/ the honorable
Is desolate/well ought ye compleyne
Now shold your holy teris falle and reyne
Alas your houour/and your emperyce
Is nyhe dede for drede/ne can her not chcuyce

Complayne eke ye louers all in fere
For her that with vnfeygned humble chere
was euer redy/to doo you socoure
Complayne ye her/ þ euer hath had you dere
Complayne ye beaute/fredom/and manere
Complayne ye her/that nedeth your labour
Complayne ye thylke sample of all honour
That neuer dyde/but all gentylnesse
Lythe ye therfore on her some kyndnesse

¶ The compleynt of Uenus for Mars.

Ther nys loo hyghe comfort to my plesaunce
whan that I am in ony heuynes
As for to haue leyzer of remembraunce
Upon the manhode and the worthynes
Upon the trouthe/and the stedfastnes
Of hym/whos I am/all/while I may dure
Ther ought blame me noo creature
For euery wyght preyseth his gentylnesse

In hym ys bounte wysedom and gouernaūce
well moze/than ony manes wytte can gesse
Foz grace hath wold him soo forforth tauaūce
That of knyghthode/he is parfyght rychesse
Honour honoureth hym/foz his noblesse
Therto soo well/hath fourmed hym nature
That I am his foz euer/I hym assure
Foz eury wyght preyseth his gentylesse

And not withstandyng alle his suffysaunce
His gentyll herte/is of soo grete humblesse
To me in werke/in word/in contenaunce
And me to serue is alle his besynesse
That I am sette in verayseker nesse
Thus ought I well blysse myn auenture
Syth that hym lyste me serue in honure
Foz euery wyght preyseth his gentylesse

Now certes loue/it is tyght conenable
That men full dere abye/thy noble thyng
As wake a bedde/fastyng at the table
weppyng to lawhe/and synge in copleyneg
And soone to caste vysage and lokyng
Often to chaunge vysage and contenaunce
Play in slepyng/and dreme at the daunce
All the reuerse/of my glad feelyng

Jaloulye be hanged with a cable

She wold all knowe/thuegh her espyeg
Ther doth noo wyght/nothyng soo resonable
That all nys harme/in her ymagenyng
Thus dere abought/is loue in yeuyng
whiche ofte he yeueth/without ordenaunce
As sorow enough/and lytyll plesaunce
All the reuerse/of my glad keelyng

A lytell tyme/his yefet is agreable
But full encombrous/is the vsyng
For subtyll Jalousye/the deceyuable
Full ofte tyme causeth destourbyng
Thus ben we euer/in drede and suffryng
Jn noncertayne we languyllhyng in penaũce
And haue full ofte many a hard myschaũce
All the reuerse of my glad keelyng

But certes loue/J seye not in suche wyse
That for to skape out of your laas J mente
For J soo long haue ben in your seruyse
That for to lete of/wyll J neuer allente
No w force/thaugh Jalousye me turment
Sufferyeth me to see hym whan J may
And therfore certe/to myn endyng day
To loue hym best/shall J neuer repente

And certes loue whan J me well auyse
On euery estate/that men may represente

Thenne haue ye made me thurgh your fraūchi
Chese the best/ ỹ euer on erthe wente (se
Now loue well her/ & loke thou neuer stente
And lete the Jalous put it in allaye
That for no payne/ wold J not saye naye
To loue you best/ shall J neuer repente

Hertte to the it ought ynough sufficyse
That loue to the/ soo byghe a grace hath sente
To chese the worthyest/ of alle wyse
And moost agreable/ vnto myn entente
Seke noo further/ neyther weye ne wente
Syn J haue sufficyssaunce/ vnto my pay
Thus wold J ende/ this complaynt or lay
To loue hym best/ ne shall J neuer repente

¶ Thenuoye.

Prynces receyue ye/ this complaynt in gre
Unto your excellente benygnyte
Dyrect after my lytyll sufficyssaunce
For elde/ that in my spyrite dulleth me
Hath of endytyng/ all the subtylte
well nygh byrafte out of my remembraunce
And eke to me it is a grete penaunce
Syth ryme in englysse/ hath suche scarcete
To folowe worde by worde the curyosyte
Of graūtson flour of hym/ ỹ make in fraūce

¶ Explicit the complayntes of Maris and Uenus/ and of the broche of Thebes.

Here folowyth the counceyll of Chaucer touchyng Maryag &c. whiche was sente te Bucketon &c.

My mayster bucketon/ whā of cryst our kyng
was asked/ what is trouth or sothfastnesse
He not one word answerd to that askyng
As who seyth/ noo man is all trewe I gesse
And therfore/ though I hyghte you terrestre
The sorowe and woo/ that is in maryage
I dar not wryte of it noo wyckednesse
Lest I my self/ falle efte in suche dotage

I wyll not seye how that is the cheyne
Of sathanas/ on whiche he gnaweth ever
But I dar seyn/ were he out of his peyne
As by his wyll/ he wold be bounde neuer
But thilke doted fooll/ that oft hath leuer
ychyned be/ than out of pryson crepe
God late hym neuer fro his woo dissever
Ne noman hym by wayle though he wepe

But yet lest thou doo worse take a wyf
Bet is to wedde/ than brenne in worse wyse
But you shalt haue sorowe on thi flesshe thy lif
And be thy wyues thrall/ as seyn the wyse
And yf that holo wryt/ may not suffyse
Experience shall the teche/ soo may happe

That the were leuer betake inkryſe
Than ofte falle of weddyng in the trappe

This lityll wryt/prouerbes/or kygure
I ſende yow/take kepe of it/I rede
Unwyſe is he/that can noo weell endure
If thou be ſyker/pua the not in drede
The wyf of bathe/I pray you that ye rede
Of this mater/that we haue no honde
God graunte you/your lyf freely tolede
In fredum/for full hard is to be bonde

¶ Explicit.

¶ The fyrst fynders of the vii. sciences artificyall.

Iuball was fader and fynde fyrst of songe
Of consonants/and of Armonye
By sownyng of the hamer as it ronge
From Tuball/cam fyrst the melodye
Of lugred mulyque/and menystralcye
Soo procedyng doun/fro man to man
Practyk of concorde/as Iaue tolde began

¶ Saturne.

Saturne taught fyrst ty lthe of londe
His douhter Ceres/made men ere and sowe
The golden world/he cõpaced with his honde
Of seed and greyne/the dyfference to knowe
Of trees/herbes/growyng hye and lowe
Somer sealõ the bawyme aboue moost swote
And in cold wynter the vertue in the rote

¶ Mars.

The myghty Mars/called god of werres
Prudent pallas/fonde fyrst out Armure
This god & goddesse/lytte among the sterres
Tuball caym/of stele fonde the temprure
And forged plates/longe for tendure
Thus these ther/by martyall apparayle
Be called in bookes/patrone of batayle

Craft of wlles/and of cloth weuyng

Fonde Mynerue/of spynnyng chyef goddesse
And Delboza/of lynnen cloth makyng
The practyke sought bokes beryth wytnes
In alle suche craft was chyef maystres
But Semyramys/as bokes specyfye
Fonde fyrst breche/myn auctour lyst not lye

Loo here dyane/pryncesse of venerye
In forest walkyng/lyke an huntersse
Hauyng her palays/fer aboue the skye
Callyd Lucina there shewyng her bryghtnesse
Of hūtyng/hawkyng & fishyng chief goddesse
Euery moneth her cours/she doth renewe
Now full.now wane now bryght now pale of hewe

Mercure caullyd for mans grete auaylle
God of eloquence/and of marchandyse
Argon fonde fyrst carft/of sheppe and saylle
And Neptunus/the saylyng can deuyse
To passe the see/in many sondry wyse
whiche to marchantes is full necessarye
Theyr stuff & bales/fro lond to lond to carye

Phebus fonde fyrst a crafte of medecyne
By touche of powns vayne/and inspeccyons
Esculapius taught forth the doctryne
To knowe the qualytees/of iiii complexyons
Of lectuaryes/drugges and poccyons

And among all / ther is nothyng more mete
Tho helthe of man / than a tempeat dyete

¶ Thauctours of vii scyences.

Auctor of gramarye / was whilom Precyan
Euclyde excellyd in crafte of geometrye
Tullius in rethorique / was a famous man
Hermogines fader of philosophye
Boece wrote of musyque and of melodye
Of metrephilyke wrote Aristotyles
Albumazar also astronomye
Fynders of scyencis / and vertuous entrees

¶ The seuen scyences lyberall.

Of seuen scyences called lyberall
Gramer techeth congruyte and wrytyng
And phylosophye in especyall
Telleth the natures of euery maner thyng
Ars metryque / craft of proporcõnyng
Musyke concorde / and Rethorike eloquence
Astrouomye by dyurnall meuyng
The world gouerneth / by heuenly Influence

¶ The disposicyon of the vii planetes.

Saturne dispolyth a man to melancolye

Jubyter reyleth a man to grete noblelle
And sturdy Mars/to stryf warre and enuye
Phebus to wysedom/and to hygh prowelle
Mercurye/to be chaungeable and doublenes
The mone mutable.now glad.& now dryppyng
And gnery Uenus/full of newfauglenes
Make men vnstable here in her lyuyng

¶ The dispolicyon of the xii sygnes.

Arics is hote and also coleryke
And in the hede/kepeth his domynacyon
Taurus in thethrote/be man hole or syke
That part hath he in supportacyon
G minis eke/by reuolucyon
Hath in charmes his Influence and werkyng
How shold a man than be stedfast of lyuyng

Lancer hath the brest in his demayne
Of the herte/lordshyp hath the lyon
Uirgo the gouernaunce/hath of twayne
Of nauyll and wombe/and Libra lower wun
The membres of man/guerneth the scorpyon
By this reson/the philosophers seyng
Is that man can not be stedfast in lyuyng

Of all the sygnes/rekenyd here to forne
The thyes of man gouerneth sagittarye

And knees and lengges/hath Capricorne
Eke the calf wunward pertayneth to aquarye
And the feet/I wyll not long tarye
Wille hath them in his keppyng
How shold a man be stedfast of lyuyng

¶ The delpolicyon of the iiii cõplexions

The sangweyn man/of blood hath hardynes
wrought to be louyng/large of dispence
The fleumatyk mã/slouthe expllith with dul-
whyte of vilage/rude of eloquence (nes
And syth ther is to man suche dufference
By complexions diuerlly werkyng
Inswere herto/concludyng this sentence
How that a man myght be stedfast of lyuyng

The colervk man/subtyll and decepuable
Sklender leue/and cytryne of his colour
wroth sodeynly wode and not tretable
And full of enuye/ malyce and rancaur
Drye thurstye/and a grete wastour
Dispoled to many a sondry thyng
with pompe and boost/hasty to doo rygour
Ben suche men stable in her lyuyng

Melancolye/of his complexyon
Dispolyd by kynde/for to be fraudelent

Malicyous froward/and by diſcepcyon
Forgyng dyſcordes double of his entent
whiche thynges peyſed by good auyſement
I dare conclude/as to my ſelyng
By confirmacyon/as in ſentent
Fewe men ben be here ſtable in her lyuyng

¶ The diſpoſicyon of the iiii elementes.

The world ſoo wyde the ayre ſoo remeuable
The cely man ſoo lytyll of ſtature
The graſ and gro und of clothyng ſo mutable
The fyre ſoo hote/and ſubtyll of nature
water neuer in one/what creature
Made of theſe foure/whiche ben ſoo flyttyng
May ſtable be/here in this lyuyng

Man of therthe hath ſlouthe and heuynes
Flux and reflux/by water made vnſtable
Lyndely of ayer/he hath alſo ſwetnes
By fyre made haſty wode and not tretable
To erthe agayn/by proceſſe comperable
Selde or neuer/in one poynte abydyng
How ſhold he thenne/be ſtable in lyuyng

Fyre reſolueth erthe to be watyre
And waterye thynges/fyre torneth in ayer
Makyth hard thynges neſſhe & fyre naturelly

Soo chaungeth many thynges varyably
Though harde he is that shone bryght & fayr
whiche element hath in man grete werkyng
How shuld he than/ be stable in lyuyng

Ayer of kynde/ yeueth Inspiracyon
To mannes herte/ thyng mooste temperatyf
And kyndely hete/ yeueth respiracyon
Subtyll ayer/ and a grete medicatyf
To tempre the spirytes/ by vertu vegitatyf
And syth that ayer/ in man is thus meuyng
How shold he than/ be stedfast of lyuyng

water som whyle is congeled to crystall
Cold and moyst/ as of his nature
Now ebbeth now floweth whiche inespecyall
The mygth of the mone doth her cours recure
And syth this element/ by recorde of scripture
Is one of the foure/ compact of our makyng
I wold enquyre/ what maner creature
Made of these foure/ were stedfast of lyuyng

¶ The dispolicyon of the four seasons of the yere

Man hath in somer dryenes and hete
In thyr bookes as auctours lyst expresse
And whan phebus entrith the Ariete

Dygeste humours vpward don hem dresse
Poores opene/that season of swetenes
And exaltacyons/dyuersely werwyng
How shold man be stable in lyuyng

Autumpne to Veer/kcunden is contrarye
As Galyen sayth/in all his qualytees
Dyspolyng a man/that season to varye
To many vncouthe strauge Infirmytees
Of canyculer dayes/takyng the propertees
By reuelacyon/many folde chaungyng
How shold men thenne be stable in lyuyng

Man hath in wynter/in this plesaunt lyf
By dispolicyon/cold and humydyte
whiche season/is to flewme nutrytyf
Spoyleth herbe and tre of theyr frelhe beaut
Collyth & constrayneth the poores mē may
Cauleth kyndly hete /inward to be werkyn
How shold man thenne/be stable in lyuyng

By Veer man hath hete and eke moysture
Atwene bothe /a man of temperaunce
In whiche tweyne/grete lust he doth recure
If colde hym put not in dystemperaunce
This meynt with drede is mañs gouernaun
Ay in noo certeyn/by record of wrytyng
How shold he thenne be gable in lyuyng

¶ The diſpocyon of the worlde.

The monethis varye euerych hath his ſygn
And hard it is alle wedrs for to knowe
The tyme ſom while is gracyous/& benygne
And vpon hylles and valeyes that benlowe
The foure ſwyndes/contrarious doo blowe
In euery ſtorme/man is here abydyng
Some to relyue/and ſome to cuerthrowe
How ſhold man thenne/be ſtedfaſt in lyuyng

The worldly anſwere/fortune tranſmutable
Truſt of lordſhyp/a feynte ſekernes
Euery ſeaſon varyeth/frendſhyp is vnſtable
Now myrthe now ſorowe/now hele now ſeke
Now ebbe of pouert now flodes of richeſſes
And ſtont ī chaūge/now loſſe/now wynnyng
Tempeſt in ſee/and wyndes ſturdynes
Make men vnſtable/and fertfull of lyuyng

Tytan ſomwhyle freſſhly doth appere
Theñe cometh a ſtorme & doth his light dꝛface
The ſoyle of ſomer/with flouris glad of chere
wynters raſour doth them a way race
Alle erthely thynges ſodenly don pace
whiche may here haue noo ſyker abydyng
Eke alle eſtates fals fortune doth menace
How ſhold a man/be ſteadfaſt of lyuyng

Beholde and lee/the transmutacyon
How the leason/of grene lusty age
Force of Juuentus/strong.hardy.as a lyon
Tyme of manhode/wysedom lad of corage
And how decrepitus/torneth to dotage
Caste all in a talaunce/and forgete nothyng
And thou shalt see in this lyf a pylgremage
Je whiche ther is noo stedeast abydyng

Thenne lyfte vp thyn eyen vnto heuen
And praye thy lorde/whiche is eternall
That lytte soo ferre/ aboue the sterrys seuen
In his ryall place/moost Imperall
To graunt the grace/in this lyf mortall
Contricion/shryft/ho wlyll/at departyng
And er thou parte hens/remlyon fynall
To ward te lyf/ where Joye is euerlastyng

A M E N

¶ Thys in pryntyde in westmoster inkyng.
strete. For me Julianus Notarii.

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